

AN ERISOL ZINE BY THE ERISOL SERVER

INSATIABLE



Eridan &
Sollux's
fluctuating
romance



LOVE OR HATE?

How do you like your Erisol?
Get your fill of the loveable
and iconic duo inside!

FOREWORD

It's been a long time coming, but the zine is finally here and ready to be enjoyed by everyone. All the contributors have done such a fantastic job at showing their appreciation for the ship and I absolutely appreciate how hard everyone has worked to bring this zine together alongside me.

I hope you enjoy the beautiful art and incredible stories within these pages.

Thank you!

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "HOCO JAVIA". The signature is stylized with a large, sweeping initial "H" and a cursive "JAVIA".

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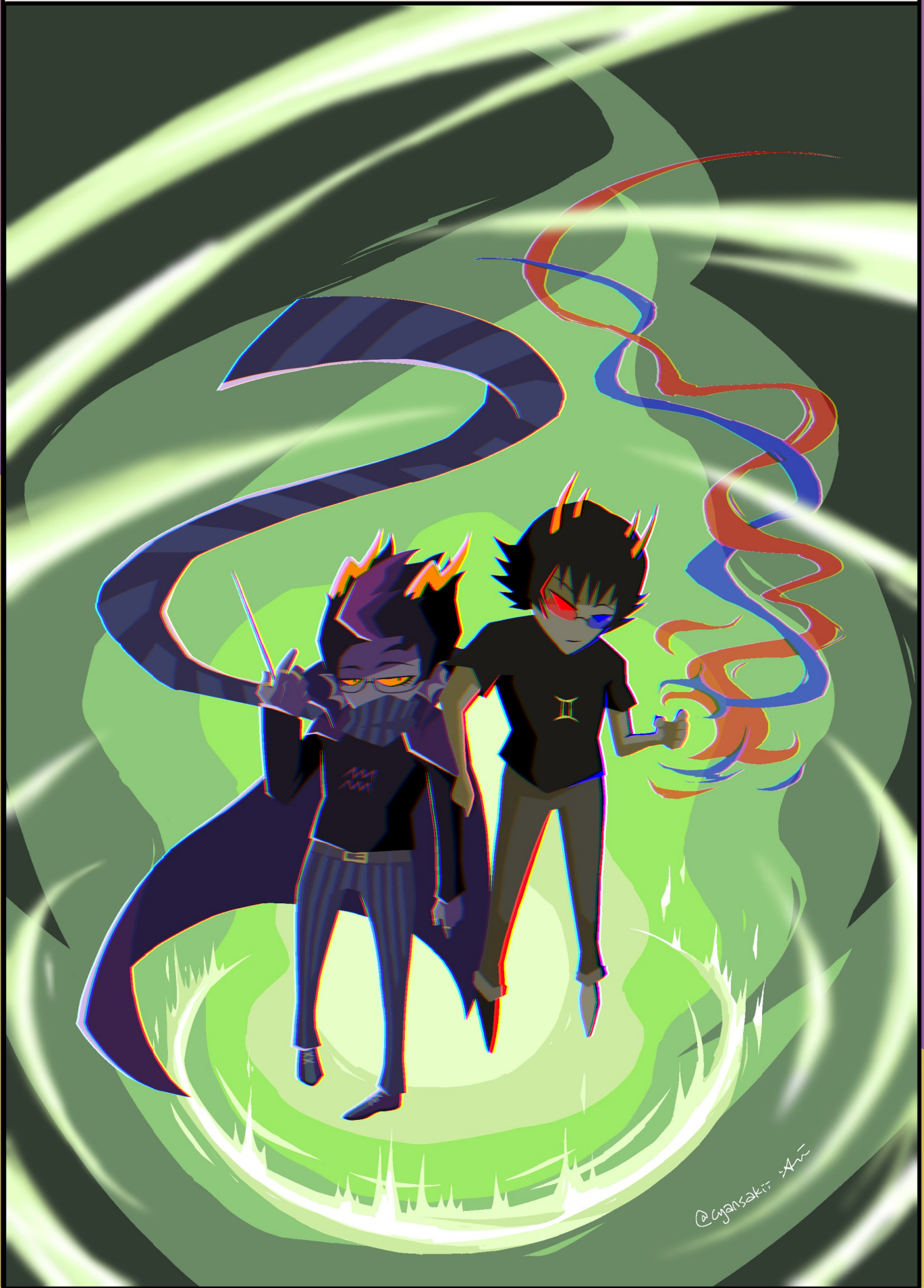
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ERISOL ZINE
TAM LIN
SnowWriterType

There had been many nights like this.

The Ampora mansion had been decorated finely, with the most exquisite food ordered for the tables, and the ballroom had been lit beautifully – of course, the man might be a terror in everyday life, but tonight, the head of the Ampora family wanted everyone to remember his wealth and power, so tonight he had no need to threaten, no need to show force. Tonight, his power was shown more subtly. He could afford to be charming to every guest, remember every name on his list, and it was more than one woman who shot an envious glare to the lady at his side, imagining how it must be to hold the position of wife.

More than one man envied the man his wife, too. The Marquise, as she had formerly been, was a beautiful woman, and a wonderful conversationalist, if a little too forceful at times. One man murmured to another that she put one in mind of Cleopatra, and another whispered comment following that went unheard. Tonight, it seemed, was definitely Dermot Ampora's night. No one had even so much as referred to his nickname, the one that followed him like a slinking shadow, and as he cast his eyes around the room, he saw with pleasure that each child was behaving themselves perfectly.

Between them, he and his wife had four children. It had been one of her draws – their children were close in age, and after the death of his first wife, he was well aware that his children might need company. The women who fooled themselves that the marriage he had was anything but a business arrangement would have been very shocked to learn that his lady wife had approached him firmly and made a meeting. She had set out her good qualities and the fact that she had children of an age with his own, and demanded that they draw up a contract. If he was quite honest, he admired her firmness, and the fact that his household could be run as tightly as a ship with her, but to him she was tiring at the same time.

Aranea, her eldest daughter, was currently discussing something intellectual in a group of young women, while Cronus, under strict instruction to behave himself instead of sloping off, was talking with another young man over by the champagne. Vriska, who he had also put under strict instructions to behave herself (despite the fire that flashed in her eyes, and the words that had been had) was dancing with her friend, to all appearances having the time of her life. Eridan was standing against a pillar, sipping something in a glass and watching the ballroom. Sulk as he might, it was still technically behaving, and he wasn't fighting with his young stepsister, which Dermot counted as a win.

"A happy family," his wife murmured in his ear as she followed his gaze. "Do try not to look so uptight, dear."

She was, unfortunately, right, and so he relaxed and took his eyes off of his youngest son.

Eridan moved away from the pillar, slipping out onto the balcony as soon as his father's back turned. Let the old man make merry with his new wife, but Eridan hated events like this. He hated the formalities, the faux politeness, the grand feasts that were ordered in just to show off their money. He hated it. All of it. He hated dancing with young people who looked at him and saw his family, rather than him, and he especially hated that his family now included his new stepsisters and stepmother. He hadn't tried to like them, and only Aranea seemed to try to like him, which just annoyed him. He didn't want a big sister bothering him any more than he wanted his actual brother bothering him. Vriska was the worst, though. His particular lecture had been that if he had another public spat with his 'sister' tonight, the library would be locked away from him for a month, and his horse withheld, and so on, and so forth.

"Aren't you just a tortured soul?"

There was a hiss to the words, almost like a lisp, and Eridan turned to find a young man in immaculate golden evening wear sat on the stone railing of the balcony, although the stranger hadn't been there before. Leaves that also hadn't been there before were scattered around him, and Eridan tried to think that they must have been brought there by the wind. Even though the breeze wasn't that strong, tonight.

"The hell is that supposed to mean?" he snapped.

"Ooh, watch it, little prince." The other turned to look at him. "Aren't you supposed to behave yourself at these things?"

He had dark hair that framed a thin face, and startlingly, snake-like eyes. They flicked in a bored manner over Eridan, who suddenly felt very human, and very, very angry.

"W-who are you supposed to be?" The childhood stutter he'd never gotten over warbled out, and the eyes flicked over him again.

"Well, well, well. I'd hoped for someone more interesting, but here you are." The young man sighed. "Mortals. Always so annoyingly self-centred."

Eridan fumed, silently, and looked over his shoulder. Like it or not, this conversation was better than going back into the ballroom. He could see his father and stepmother dancing together gracefully as a waltz started.

"I'm here because you don't want to be." The stranger stepped forward, until they were barely an inch apart. "You don't want to be here, and it's like having a bell ring all the time, for me. I hear the lost, the lonely..." His voice dropped into a soft whisper that could have been a hiss. "And you are right next to my forest."

"Your forest? That forest is mine." Eridan tossed his head, heat rising in his cheeks at how close they were. "My mother left it to me in her w-will. It's been in her family for generations."

"So that's why you call to me. Interesting." He gave a smile, showing off sharp teeth. "Stupid, but interesting. You shouldn't even have the right to call me like this, you know."

"It's my forest," Eridan snarled again. "You've no right to call it yours."

"I've every right." He tilted his head. "My name is Sollux."

"W-whatever. You still don't--"

"My father was called Geminus." Sollux interrupted him. "I think you might have heard of him."

Long ago, there was a fairy called Geminus, who lived deep, deep, in the woods...

His mother's voice drifted from a long-pushed down memory. A story about a fairy in the woods who fell in love with a human, but couldn't be with her, and promised to help her whenever she needed instead. His mother had insisted that those woods were their woods, although he'd doubted that at the time.

"Are you--" He turned around and lowered his voice. "Are you kidding me right now-w?"

"Nope." Sollux gave him another fang-filled grin. "So, you need me. What do you want to do?"

There were many options right now. Fairies were powerful beings, Eridan knew that much, although rarely heard of these days. He could ask Sollux to turn his stepfamily into spiders. He could ask him to turn the food to dirt, the wine to mud, or any number of things. But finally, he realised what he wanted.

“I know what I want,” he said, finally.

It was the event of the century, really.

People from all over heard about it – a young man in gold dancing in the centre of the ballroom with the young Ampora heir, until Eridan was laughing, smiling. The music they danced to seemed to come from the air itself, and the crowd was frozen, unable to move forward to stop them. Then light – or was it water? – enveloped them, and when it cleared, the young Ampora heir had vanished, along with his dance partner, who had never been seen before or since.

But Eridan’s favourite books did vanish from the library, and his belongings were gone from his room. His favourite horse went from the stables, and although she never told a soul, a young girl walking in the forest heard the laughter of two people and the sound of hooves clattering through.

A letter did come for Eridan’s father. A long letter, but one that his father thought about quite heavily before locking it in a safe, and quietly sitting in his study while looking up at the portrait, small but bright, of his first wife that hung on the wall. Aranea found flowers on her window, while Cronus found a beautifully made lute that played like nothing he’d ever been bought by their father. Something about it seemed to shimmer with music.

And one day, years from then, a young man was wondering through the woods, muttering to himself about why he had to go and fetch the woods and not his loudmouth of a brother, when he saw a house of vines and roots in the middle of a clearing, with two young men outside – one laughing as he blew dandelion seeds at the other, while the other pretended to ignore him, talking to the horse.

“It’s alright, Cassius, he just doesn’t know-w these are my w-woods.”

“Cassius, don’t listen to him, he’s an asshole.” The first young man blew more dandelion seeds at the one by the horse.

“W-well then, you’ve got terrible taste in men.”

“So have you,” the other one countered, as the horse whickered behind his partner. “Besides, you--”

The young man who was gazing at the scene stepped forward, and they both looked around.

“Oh...Eri, we’ve got company.”

“So w-we hav-ve. Didn’t you cast your cloaking spell this month?”

“Must have forgot,” the other one said, unapologetically. With a wave of his hand, the entire scene vanished, leaving behind the faint sound of laughter – the laughter of the truly free and happy.







ksu♡





ERISOL ZINE
[S] REMATCH
CosmosChroniker

After their infamous mall-flinging fight, Sollux didn't see Eridan for a whole sweep. Most of the time he even managed to convince himself he didn't think of the melodramatic pisslord prince, but today, a week into a powerful manic episode, and on the third day without sleep, Sollux was itching for the kind of confrontation only a black solicitation could scratch. And only one name was coming to mind. Eridan Ampora who made his lip curl in disgust. Eridan who, when Karkat brought him up in casual conversation, made Sollux grit his teeth and change the subject. Who, in one way or another, if he was being honest with himself, Sollux never could quite leave well enough alone. Like a loose fang you can't help but probe with your tongue even though you know you'll soon be sorry.

Sollux was pacing the ceiling of his hive upside down, while his psiionics and apiculture colony buzzed and crackled around him. He was tired now, physically - his eyes burned, his limbs felt leaden - but his pan was still sparking with a furious energy. It was fitting, really, duality being something of a theme in his life. Dumbassery was apparently also a theme, Sollux thought, as his palmhusk appeared in his hand. The line rang twice, three times (come on, come on) four times -

"Do you know what fuckin' time it is? This had better be an emergency. Is the empress returning to Alternia? Is the sky fuckin' falling?"

Sollux couldn't help it. He burst out laughing. The stupid wavy accent. The raw fury oozing from the sarcasm and snippiness -

And then Eridan hung up. And blocked him.

Or rather, he blocked Sollux's personal number, because the sheer affront of being hung up on had sent Sollux scrambling for all the back-up palmhusks and burner models in his hive. 18 calls later, Eridan snapped.

"What-?" He yelled down the line, the doubleyou trembling with righteous indignation, "Could you POSSIBLY want Captor?"

Sollux could barely contain his glee, but managed to speak in a casual montone, "Oh you know. Just wanted to catch up, shoot the shit, find out how you're doing."

There was a stunned silence, then Eridan spoke through clenched teeth. "Oh very fucking funny. What a sense of humour you have - the mind boggles. Feferi's so lucky." Sollux had to press his fingers over his lips to stop from giggling. This was delectable. It was so easy to get a rise out of Eridan... "Hello? Are you on the fuckin mind honey again?? Why're you just panting down the line like a pervert? Goddamnit did you just get high and decide to fuck with me? Geez you're such a fuckin basket case."

"Maybe I did." Yeah that was good - just the right mix of sneer and drawl.

"Well I'd say I was flattered, but the last time we saw each other you made it very clear you're not interested in me that way. By dropping an entire mall on me, if I recall."

"Yeah about that." Sollux said, before the more rational parts of his mind could catch up, "I'm bored. You're up for some reason. How about a round two...?"

Duality, man. It's a dangerous thing.

Eridan was nervously pacing the quarter deck of his ship-turned-hive, hair still wet from sluicing off the sopor from his recuperacoon. The gentle groans of the ship shifting in the water and the soft slap of the surf against the hull weren't soothing him as they usually did, and he began to drum his claws on the barrel of his rifle - still shuriken-scarred from the last time he'd faced off with Sollux - and every passing second only ramped up his anxiety further. After all, he was waiting for a clearly manic psiioniic to appear in a shower of sparks and... Drop another mall on me? Why did I agree to this??"

Eridan knew why. Because he lived in stupid, misguided, hope. Still, he didn't have long to ponder his life decisions, as a glowing spot on the dark horizon began growing alarmingly fast. It took exactly two seconds for Eridan to swing Ahab's Crosshairs up to his shoulder, flick off the safety, and get the red-and-blue blur that was Sollux in the sights - and even that almost wasn't fast enough. Sollux's psiioniics got so close as to singe Eridan's eyebrows before he could pull the trigger and push back with Ahab's energy-pulse.

They fought there for a moment - Sollux's arms held out dramatically in front of him, Eridan's feet starting to slide back across the deck - when Sollux redirected the combined energy beam upwards and outwards in one chaotic pulse that shored through the mizzen topmast. Eridan had to fling himself across the deck to avoid the plummeting mass of ancient wood beam and sails, and there was a pause as he got to his feet and theatrically dusted himself off.

"Wow. You could at least greet a guy before remodellin' his hive."

Sollux grinned. This was going to be good.

Judging by the rapid-reddening of the horizon, they'd been dueling for an hour, maybe more. Sollux's power, heightened by the upswing he was riding, was maybe the most powerful psiioniic energy on Alternia, and flinging Eridan around was really no problem, but the lack of sleep and the long flight out here was beginning to take its toll. His vision blurred and burned, and he could feel his pusher, which had been hammering since the encounter began, starting to skip a beat here and there.

Eridan, similarly, could withstand pretty much anything Sollux threw at him, but his breathing was ragged now, and his expensive clothes were as tattered as the sails of his hive. Still, he wasn't done yet, apparently, as he leapt up, grabbed a trailing rope, and launched himself up the nearest mast, so he could take aim at Sollux from the crossbeam -

Sollux propelled himself out the way as an energy-beam blasted down into the deck, burning a sizeable hole, and flew up at breakneck speed, landing an uppercut directly under Eridan's chin and flinging him out into open space. Eridan summersaulted in mid-air, turned the graceless fall into a passable swandive, and disappeared under the waves, only to spring up a minute later, drenched to the skin, rifle still in hand, on the other side of the ship.

This is the most fun I've had in fucking sweeps - I could do this forever! Yelled half of Sollux's brain. The other-half, the one supplying dark little thoughts, and which he realised probably signalled an imminent downswing, said oh no I fucking can't. When was the last time I ate? Slept? Finish this now before you do something embarrassing. Like collapse.

Sollux flew himself up high, avoiding the rifle blast Eridan had sent his way, and cast around for something he could use... Wow, Eridan's hive was fucked. There were char marks and great impact-splinters across the usually polished deck, and at least three cannons had been cut loose, and had thundered across the violently rocking deck, smashing and causing who knew how much damage to the ancient ornate woodwork. Not that Sollux felt any remorse - Eridan had more than enough money for repairs - but it did give him an idea. Reaching out with his psiionics, he lifted the mast-top he'd severed, and wielded it like a bat, plummeting back down out of the sky and clubbing Eridan half-way across the deck.

Eridan slammed into the double doors of the officers quarters and crumpled on the deck, his rifle skittering away from him. Before Sollux could second-guess himself, he flew in close, grabbed the rifle with his psiionics and flung it out as far as he could into the sea. Which was quite far, as it turned out.

"Oh c'mon..." It was a whisper, no more than that, and when Sollux whipped round Eridan was already climbing to his feet and assembling the best sneer he could for someone so obviously winded. "Didn't your lusus teach you basic etiquette? How'm I meant to duel with no weapon?"

His words were defiant, but Eridan was trembling. Sollux blinked. Without his rifle, and his normal aura of shitty-bravado, Eridan looked like he'd weigh about 90 pounds soaking wet - which he was. Does he think I'm gunna kill him? The thought was funny - hilarious, even, at first glance - but at second glance... Sollux had instigated a fight while at climbing-the-walls levels of manic. Thrown the guy around (a guy who - to be fair - was very hard to kill by accident, and who had absolutely held his own in the melee) and was now fucking levitating over him with red and blue energy crackling up his arms.

Sollux finally let his psiionics flicker out, and (gritting his teeth at the immediate headache that took root behind his eyes) approached Eridan by foot. The fight was only half the reason he'd flown out here, anyway.

"Excuse me? Alternia to shit-for-brains? What are you... why are you looking at me like that?" Eridan got half-way through his sentence with pomposity alone, but under Sollux's hot glare he seemed to shrink, his face clouding over with confusion. For some reason that stuck in Sollux's mealtunnel. So he cut to the chase.

"Ok look I'll level with you - but don't let this make your head any bigger, because one: the rest of you is so tiny you'll topple over, and two: this says far more about my shocking taste than anything else - I'm pretty fucking black for you. You know, in case you couldn't guess by... all this..."

Sollux gestured vaguely around them. Eridan blinked, and actually took a small step back, his face flushing a violet, and looked at Sollux suspiciously behind his damp fringe. "You don't hate me like that."

...That wasn't a refusal, just caution. Okay, Sollux could take the lead, he was at the end of a mental upswing, so might as well use that confidence while it was here.

"How about a scientific test, since science is actually real in the way magic isn't." Oh nice one, use two ethh worse in a thentence. Really thethth the right tone, said the looming depressive episode. The upswing still had the advantage though, so he continued valiantly onward. "Come here"

Despite his keen interest in the exchange, the wiggler-prince apparently was still affronted at being ordered by a low blood. "Why?"

Sollux growled in frustration and used his psiionics to drag Eridan until they were head to head - well, chin to nose. Eridan's ragged gasp made him pause long enough to tilt the prince's chin up and raise one eyebrow. Eridan swallowed, then gave the tiniest of nods.

ERISOL ZINE

[S] R E M A T C H

The kiss was messy, fueled by adrenaline and nerves, and their fangs clacking together made Eridan growl and pull back. “Okay but how do you pull so many chicks when it’s like kissin’ a lawnmower?”

Sollux gave his best shit-eating grin, flicked his tongue over his snaggle-fangs and chuckled when Eridan flushed to the tips of his fins. “You love it.”

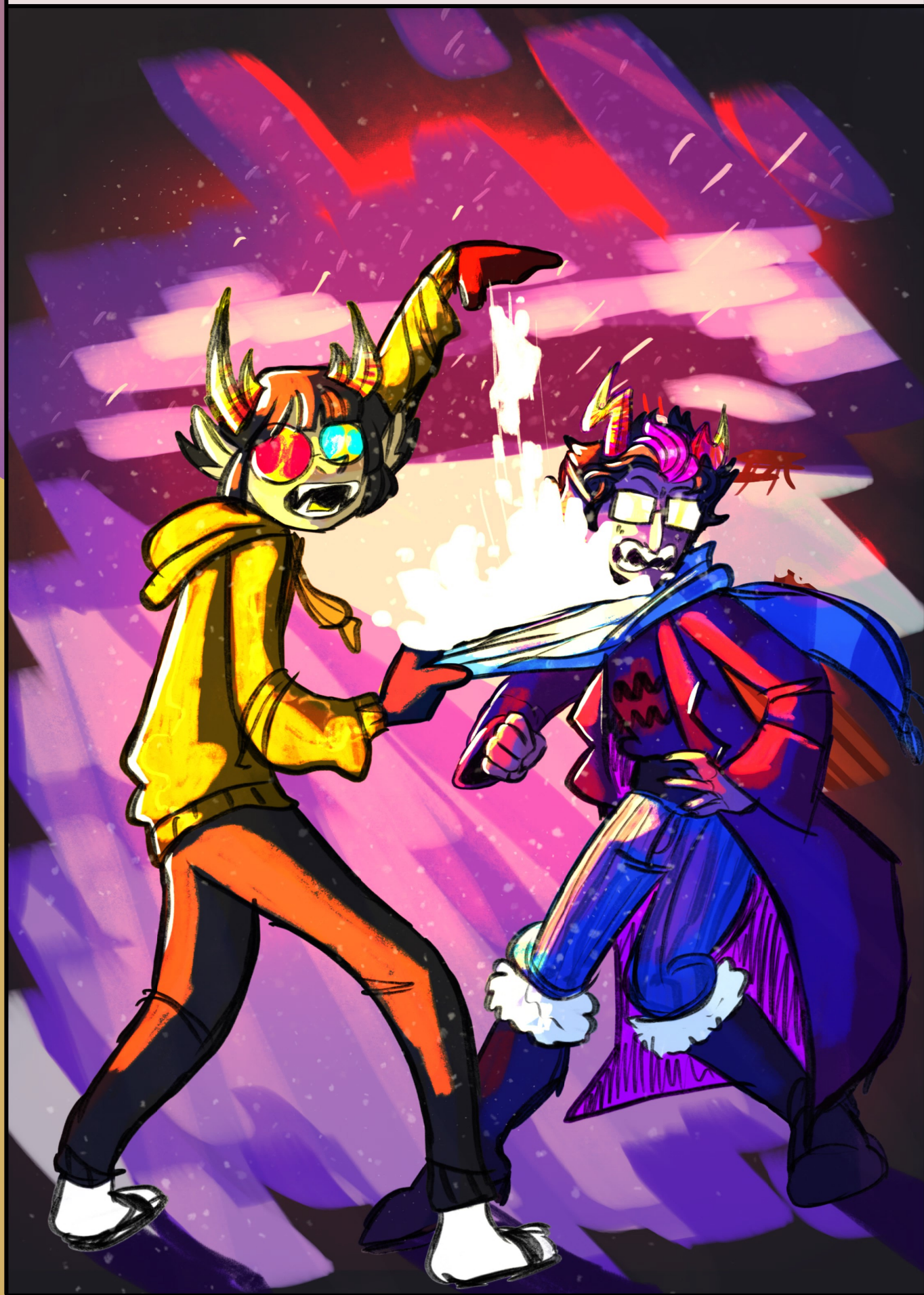
Eridan snarled, dragging Sollux back down into another angry kiss and biting his lip hard enough to draw blood. “Actually, I think you’ll find I fuckin’ hate it.”

You’re lucky he was desperate enough to agree to this, the downswing whispered in the back of Sollux’s mind - and he knew his head was going to give him hell tomorrow. Still, with Eridan clutching at the front of his sweaty t-shirt and kissing him like he had spades in his eyes, Sollux couldn’t feel anything but smug. Worth it.















THANK YOU!